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Old Books and New.

THE BOOK-OGRE.

IN the "Roman de la Violette," whence Boccaccio took a pretty tale and Shakespeare "Cymbeline," the hero's sword had the ghastly name of "finisseuse de guerre;" in Krupp's realm the gun most apt to make a solitude has been called "the peace-maker;" in the world of bookmen, the most patient annotator to fill the space between Earth and Moon with books having books for a subject shall be the "book-ogre," to whom all the bookworms that live on vellum and all the bookworms that make their spiritual life of printed matter, are to come, as myriads of insects adrift in the dust come to a ray of sunlight. At the grave of a great author there shall be a poet to write his epitaph; an orator to laud him; a critic to say, as Sophocles said of Aeschylus, "when he wrote well, he did not know it;" a colleague to write reminiscences of him, publish his correspondence, open wide the door and windows of his room as the neighbors do in Russia when there is a death in the house; a publisher to make a complete edition of his works, with a special regard for those works that he would not have given to the world; an admirer to give his name to a mutual adoration society; an annotator to underscore his errors and make them pass for beauties; and after many years a sceptic to show that his name was only a trade name for a stock company. The epitaph shall go the way of the proverb, "false like an epitaph;" the funeral oration, criticism, complete works, adoration society, biography that makes of a hero a common mortal, shall go to the book-ogre in his Trinity of Annotator, Idolator, Sceptic.

In 1824 Auger, one of the French Academy's Immortal Forty (one of the number for no other plausible reason than that a nonentity is needed to make the number 40), made the acquaintance of a Russian nobleman at a dinner party, graciously offered to send him a copy of his works, and despatched to his house the "Oeuvres de Molière" with notes by Auger. A week after the postman brought the following letter to Auger:

"MR. MOLIÈRE: I thank you for sending me your works. I am ashamed to confess that I did not know them; they are admirable. What gayety! What knowledge of the human heart! What profound portraiture! I cannot cease to read your 'Femmes Savantes,' your 'Tartufe,' and even your ballets—although I never saw them at the opera. Now permit me to make a remark, with all the respect that is due to your great talent. Why have you allowed a Mr. Auger to explain with his notes passages that are as clear as the day and to call attention to beauties that all the world saw without him? These notes . . . give me trouble, make me leave you at every page to read a platitude. . . . Signed, Romanzo."

The most learned and least vain among commentators is not of more use than Auger. The world would be well without him. If Charles Nodier was right in thinking that one was not worthy to write his language who did not know its etymology, one is not worthy to read a book that ought to be read who needs a glossary; is less worthy if he cannot dispense with laudatory notes and a tedious anatomizing.

There is now in London a Rabelais Club.

At Tours is the statue of Rabelais, inscribed with the epigraph of his philosophy, that it is better to write of laughter than of tears, for laughter is man's own; and the Touraine that nurtured Rabelais is the province of France where peasants talk the purest language and bear themselves with most dignity. The work of Rabelais was good and brave; it filled the sixteenth century in his country with great thoughts; it had the power of a block of granite that would have a heart; but it was made with words that are not the words of to-day, and the men who are making it modern with notes and a glossary are sending it to the book-ogre. There is a statute to punish the wayfarer who shall cut his name on the stone pedestal; there ought to be a statute to punish every new-comer who shall tag his doctrines to the literary monument.

With the Rabelais Club comes the Rabelais bookmania. Rabelais's work is in four books, originally published separately at long intervals. The fifth book of his "complete works" appeared some time after his death, and is not by him. The first book, the "Vie très horifique du grand Gargantua," did not come to light until after the second book, where began the narrative of the great deeds of "Pantagruel." There were four editions made with the author's aid of the first book, the "Gargantua." One copy only of the first edition is known to be extant, and that lacks a date; but it is supposed to

have been printed at Lyons by François Juste in 1534 or in the first months of 1535. The other editions were made in 1535, 1537 and 1542 by François Juste. The second book (first of "Pantagruel") was published at Lyons by Claude Nourry, without date (supposed to be 1532). The second edition was published in 1533, the third in 1534, the fourth in 1542, at Lyons, by François Juste. The first edition of the third book was published at Paris by Chrestien Wechel in 1546, the second at Paris by Michel Fezandat in 1552. The first edition of the complete fourth book was published at Paris by Michel Fezandat in 1552. Eleven chapters had appeared in 1548. Rabelais died in 1553. A fragment of the fifth book appeared in 1562, and the book complete in 1564. After 1553 there were made collective editions of the four books, with the title of "works." After 1567 the "works" are in five books and various fragments more or less authentic. The Elzevirs published three editions from 1663 to 1669. Messieurs le Duchat and de la Monnoye published a critical edition in 1711; le Duchat an edition with his notes in 1741. There were other editions in the eighteenth century not worthy of notice. In this century there have been editions without number, notably those of M. de Launay in 1820, 3 vol., 18mo; 1823, 3 vol., 8vo; 1835, 1 vol., large 8vo. Messrs. Esmangeart and Eloi Johannean undertook a "Variorum" edition, published nine volumes in 1823–1826, and never completed their work. Paul Lacroix published an edition in one volume in 1840; Messrs. Bergaud des Mares and Rathery one in two volumes, in 1857–58; Pierre Jannet in 1867–68 in six volumes; Ch. Marty Laveaux in 1868 in five volumes. A de Montaignon and Louis Lacour in 1868 in three volumes.

There have been notes, commentaries, glossaries, to satiety; there has not been a correct complete edition of Rabelais's works.

If the Rabelais Club will not be a mutual admiration society, or a modern Rabelaisian society after the interpretation of Armand Silvestre, it will disregard the bookworm's aphorism as to "one of those authors that need a commentary longer than the text," and make an edition of Rabelais after Brunet's rule: (1) Give the exact text of the last edition revised by the author. (2) Note the variations of all the anterior editions made with his aid.

Without notes, for which no one cares; without a glossary, because it would be pernicious to furnish a key to Rabelais to persons who could not read him without one.

Thus would I save Rabelais from the book-ogre.

HENRI PÈNE DU BOIS.

CAVÉ'S "DRAWING WITHOUT A MASTER" AND "MANUAL OF COLOR."

UNDER ordinary circumstances it would seem not a little odd that a translation from the French of a handbook to an old-fashioned system of drawing and painting should be brought out by an American publisher to-day, with no other introduction than a eulogistic notice from *The Revue des Deux Mondes* written thirty-seven years ago. But when we say that the writer of that notice is no other than the great Eugène Delacroix, the wisdom of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons in adding to their useful Series of Art Handbooks Mme. Cavé's "Learning to Draw from Memory" and "A Manual of Color" will hardly be challenged. One has to smile a little, it is true, at such advice to the pupil as that recommending the new-fashioned oil-colors in tubes in preference to those in bladders, which latter, we should think, it would be difficult to obtain in the present day, and there are one or two other references to materials and methods more or less archaic, which might, at first blush, make one doubt the practical utility of the volume before us. But any one who would hesitate to buy the book on such grounds would make a mistake, for it is full of useful information for the student, as may be judged from the numerous extracts we have made from it for our department of "Art Notes and Hints" in the present number of the magazine. It was originally written for young ladies—being, indeed, in the form of letters from Mme. Cavé to a friend for the instruction of the daughters of the latter—and we would recommend it to young ladies rather than to more robust students of the sterner sex, who might prefer to climb Parnassus by the more conventional and rougher route than by that invitingly laid out by Mme. Cavé.

Tracing a drawing or some object in nature through a thin gauze, reproducing the image traced, and ascertaining by means of the proof if the reproduction is exact—this is the starting-point of the Cavé method, which, it is claimed, has the advantage of disciplining at once the hand and the eye of the pupil, even obliging her to discover and correct her own errors without the aid of a teacher. This first exercise is followed by drawing from memory; the pupil is required to reproduce, without the aid of the model, the drawing which she has previously traced and copied. Pupils who are very desirous to learn, are urged to execute the same drawing three times. Once corrected by the proof, once from memory, and again without the proof. The drawing from memory is always to be made after the one corrected by the proof. The painter, Ingres, who, as well as Delacroix, seems to

have approved the Cavé method, suggests that, "Before allowing a pupil to draw from memory, she should previously have made a drawing mathematically correct; otherwise, by repeating her faults, they are engraven in the mind"—certainly a grave danger.

If for no other reason than that it was commended by two of the great French painters of the century, the system is worthy of consideration at the present day, especially for use in schools where it may be difficult to obtain competent teachers. Delacroix thought it especially valuable for the training of the eye, by giving it some sure means of correcting mistakes in the estimates of lengths and foreshortenings. He says: "The trace copy, put into the hands of the pupil and designed to give him complete certainty as to the accuracy of his copy, renders the teacher's task infinitely more easy. Persons of second-rate talent, but merely familiar with the processes of the method, can become very good teachers. Even pupils can be substituted when they have reached a certain degree of facility in imitating the models." He had seen this performed in the primary schools where, at his recommendation, the method had been employed, and the drawings seemed to him "very remarkable."

LATE FRENCH PUBLICATIONS.

PERHAPS nothing daintier or more artistic, either in printing or illustration, has come from the Parisian press than two delightful little volumes of the "Collection Artistique Guillaume et Cie," which we have received from John Delay (23 Union Square, N. Y.) They give the adventures of TARTARIN DE TARASCON, by Alphonse Daudet. In the first we accompany the redoubtable Gascon on his lion-hunting expedition to Africa; he only encounters one lion—both tame and blind. In the city of Algiers, however, he shoots what he supposes to be a lion, but which turns out to be only a jackass. The second volume—TARTARIN SUR LES ALPES—shows Daudet's hero performing prodigies of mountain scaling—in imagination. Certainly a more amiable and consistent liar than this adventurous French cockney it would be hard to find. Apart from the delightful humor of the text, these little books have a special value for the artistic excellence and the original character of their numerous illustrations, which are by such men as Rossi, Aranda, Myrbach, Montenard, and De Beaumont. It seems wonderful that, despite the heavy duty, such library gems can be bought at a dollar a volume.

THE four numbers of L'ART for July and August (Macmillan & Co.) contain, in addition to a series of well-written and richly-illustrated articles on the Salon, by Paul Leroy, an abundance of other matter, much of it of permanent importance Arthur Heulhard has an interesting study of the ancient Gothic carved chair, preserved in the Museum of Chateauroux, and known as the fauteuil of Rabelais, who he shows may, perhaps, have sat in it, but who apparently never owned it, for it was simply a choir-seat of the church of Palluan, which Rabelais once visited. There is an engraving of the chair and a portrait of Rabelais after the bust by Truphème. Alexis Bertrand brings to a close his sketch of the work of the Belgian sculptor, François Rude. His article is illustrated by eight photo-engravings of Rude's rather clumsy and conventional bas-reliefs at the Château of Tervueren, the subject of which is the story of Achilles. Pierre Gauthiez begins a story of artist life, "La Danée," which promises well. And Eugène Müntz finishes his elaborate article on da Vinci's "Adoration of the Wise Men," illustrated with many fac-similes of the sketches and studies for the composition. The articles on the Salon contain notices and illustrations of several works by Americans, among them George Hitchcock and Ridgway Knight. The French landscapists are well represented, there being several studies by Émile Michel and a portrait of that veteran painter among the illustrations, sketches also by Duez, Boudin, Japy, de Montholon, Marie-Joseph Iwill, Adolphe Guillot, Eugene Grandière, and the late Émile Vernier. The figure painters are represented by Smith-Hald, Ernest David, Mlle. Louise Breslau, Eugene Carrière, Alberic Duyver, Jean Beraud, Clement Lafranchise, Mlle. Consuelo Fould, Aimé Perret, Gari Melchers, and others; and Still Life, by Eugene Claude, Madame Euphémie Muraton, Mme. M. L. Cornelius and Ferdinand Attendu. There is an article apart on Architecture in the Salon, by A. de Baudot, and one on the section of Engraving and Lithography, by L. Gauchez. Sculpture is considered mainly in the person and the works of Emmanuel Fremiet, whose more than audacious group of a "Gorilla Carrying off a Woman" is given as one of the full-page heliogravures. Other plates "hors texte" are etchings by Edmund Ramus of Rubens's portrait of the Marquis Spinola and of Rembrandt's "Orphan of North Holland," and an etching by Leopold Flameng of Willem's picture "La Sortie."

RECENT FICTION.

"LA Vita è un Sogno," "Life is a dream," is the motto which in a manner sums up all that Virginia W. Johnson has to say in her Venetian story, THE HOUSE OF THE MUSICIAN, just issued in paper covers by Ticknor & Co., Boston. The hero, Gerard Grootz, early finds himself among strange company, antiquarian collectors and the like, and, showing a taste for art, is sent by his protectors to Italy. In Venice he meets with a young lady, daughter of a celebrated violinist, who had made money enough to buy a palace in his native city and to finish his days in it, by his own hand, because, after living extravagantly, he could not furnish a marriage portion to each of his daughters. The house passed into the hands of a money-lender, who, however, was obliged to allow the women-folk of the musician to continue to live in it. In his efforts to obtain full possession of the property he became their bitter enemy, and the hero, in his efforts to befriend them, also incurs his enmity. Seven chapters of the ten into which the book is divided are taken to bring about this situation, the descriptive passages being many and long, and showing an intimate acquaintance with the color and

movement of Italian life. For the dénouement we must refer the reader to the book itself.

THE STORY OF A NEW YORK HOUSE, by H. C. Bunner, is one of which he need never feel ashamed, no matter what high place may be in store for him as an American novelist. It takes us back to the city at the beginning of the century, when the Battery was a fashionable promenade, and the City Hall was so nearly out of town that the north side was finished in red sandstone, which was cheap, instead of in marble like the rest of the building, because it would only be seen from above Chambers Street by the suburbs. We follow the fortunes of the Dolph family from honest Jacob Dolph, senior, in his fine house in State Street, to his degenerate grandson, Eustace, who, after robbing his employer to cover his losses in Wall Street, and being disowned by his family, finally appears as the leader of a gang of ruffians during the Draft Riots and comes face to face with his dishonored old father. The dramatis personæ of the story are all actual persons of flesh and blood, and the reality of their surroundings is evidently due to careful study and personal investigations in the localities described. Mr. A. B. Frost's excellent illustrations add much to the charm of the volume, especially those of costume, as in the episode at the Club (p. 120), reproducing the almost forgotten loud-patterned "peg-top" trousers of a quarter of a century ago. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

WHEN G. De Montauban introduces to us the middle-aged Mr. Jerves and the mature Mrs. Bates, informing us that the former is A WOMAN-HATER—which is the title of the book before us—and that the latter is a widow, we know what is coming. It hardly needed the opportunities of a long voyage in a sailing vessel from New York to Honolulu and Hong Kong to bring about the inevitable result. Nor is there anything about the parties themselves to awaken the reader's interest. Even the scenes and happenings of the long voyage are but indifferently described. It is a dull book, and may readily be taken for what it purports to be, a story told by an American clergyman during a still duller though somewhat shorter voyage from London to Australia. (Boston, Ticknor & Co.).

CALAMITY JANE: A Story of the Black Hills, by Mrs. George E. Spencer, is one of the best of Cassell's cheap "Rainbow" series of original novels, although the high promise of the opening chapters, not belied by the well-sustained interest of many that follow, is not sustained until the end. Long before the climax is reached the reader feels no doubt that he has recognized "Calamity Jane" in the dashing young "road agent" and highwayman, and is irritated at the author's complacent assumption that he is still in the dark in the matter. Mrs. Spencer writes with much spirit, and gives a capital picture of the early days of Deadwood.

BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER, by John R. Musick (J. S. Ogilvie & Co.), is a readable, if not a strikingly original, story of the Civil War. Mr. Tompkins, a Northern man married to a Southerner, has two sons, who espouse respectively the Union and the Confederate causes, and twice come near killing each other. Both are in love with the heroine, the lovely Irene, a circumstance which naturally helps to embitter the enmity of these once devoted brothers. Oleah, the Confederate, being refused, abducts the girl and marries her against her solemn protest; but when the Union men surround him and the shots fly about, Irene rushes on the scene, and exclaims: "Spare, oh, spare his life! He is my husband," and it appears then that she has loved him all the while.

BY WOMAN'S WIT, by Mrs. Alexander (Henry Holt & Co.), a volume of the cheap Leisure Moment Series, has in the fascinating widow, Mrs. Ruthven, a heroine worthy of "Forget-me-Not," in which Rose Coghlan used to make such a hit. She traces the theft of her lost rubies to Clifford Marsden, whom she loves, but who has engaged himself to marry Nora, the ostensible heroine. Under threat of exposure she compels him to marry her. The reader will join us in wishing her joy of her bargain and in congratulating Nora on her fortunate escape.

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN, by Octave Feuillet, which has been translated by J. Henry Hager for the enterprising publisher, William S. Gottsberger, will doubtless find many readers to whom the stage impersonation of the hero by the late Harry Montague will always be a delightful memory.

AFTER having read Craddock and Harris one opens a new book of Southern stories with some misgiving that he has already enjoyed the cream of what is possible in that line. But one will find many an agreeable surprise in Thomas Nelson Page's IN OLE VIRGINIA. The characters are planters and plantation hands of war times and of the time before the war, the incidents those which we know as typical of Southern life of the same period; but the author's keen observation, genial humor, and power of giving life and dramatic force to a simple story make his book more than welcome. It consists of half a dozen tales and sketches, written mostly in negro dialect. "Marse Chan" is an old negro's account of the love adventures of a Confederate captain; "Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'," "Meh Lady," "Ole 'Stracted," and "No Haid Pawn," follow; and "Polly," a tale of the good old times, which may be called an idyl of a mint julep, ends the volume. It is handsomely printed, and the cover is appropriately decorated with a spray of Virginia creeper. (Charles Scribner's Sons).

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

CUORE: AN ITALIAN SCHOOL-BOY'S JOURNAL, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood from the Italian of Edmondo de Amicis (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), is called "A Book for Boys;" but it will seem tame reading to the average young American, who will much prefer "Tom Brown's School Days," by Thomas Hughes, and "Eric," by Canon Farrar. The life of an English

boy at a public school is full of adventures in the cricket-field, at foot-ball, or at "hare-and-hounds;" there is a boxing match in which the bully of the "sixth form" is well thrashed—all of which is highly sympathetic to his manly American cousin. But the good little Italian in the book before us is apparently a girl in boy's clothes, who would have been considered a "prig" at Harrow or "Roslyn," and if he had gone to either school, probably would have been "licked" within an inch of his life by some boy about half his age.

DANDELION CLOCKS AND OTHER TALES (E. & J. B. Young & Co.), is one of those charming little volumes for children by the late Juliana Horatia Ewing which used to come about Christmas-time, illustrated by the incomparable Ralph Caldecott. But now, alas, artist and author, who worked so well together, have both passed away! The stories in the present little collection are good—for Mrs. Ewing, apparently, never wrote anything that was not so—but they do not show her at her best, which, indeed, is not surprising; for in some of them it is evident that she was required to "write up to" certain German woodcuts. Other illustrations in the book are drawings by Gordon Browne. Some of them are quite spirited and almost worthy of Caldecott himself, notably the runaway bride and groom (p. 21) and the parson in the pulpit (p. 44) thundering at the fat farmer who is fast asleep.

THE BLIND BROTHER, a tale of the Pennsylvania Coal Mines, by Homer Greene, perhaps hardly needs other commendation than is implied in the fact that the author received for it the first prize, \$1500, offered by The Youth's Companion in 1886, for the best serial story. We may add, though, that it contains in a very unusual degree a high moral tone combined with such sustained interest growing out of personal adventure as all healthy boys demand in their story-books. It should be borne in mind as a suitable holiday gift. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.)

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

IT is about a hundred years since our knowledge of electricity has been brought to the condition of a science, and considerably less since it began to find many applications in the useful arts. It is a common-place to refer to this growth as the most striking example of modern progress, yet the public know little about its history or about the principles of the science as they are now understood by specialists. T. C. Mendenhall has endeavored in A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) to supply a popular sketch of the subject, reasonably free from technical terms and from the exasperating blunders common in books of this class when written by persons not thoroughly acquainted with their subjects. He has succeeded in making a readable and a useful little volume, giving a pretty full account of the history of electricity from Franklin's time to the present day. It is illustrated with diagrams and pen drawings of instruments, and there is a short but useful index.

ROBA DI ROMA, by W. W. Story, probably the best book descriptive of Roman scenes and customs in the English language, has been issued in a new edition—the eighth—by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The author, in his preface, says that he has not attempted to alter the original descriptions, though some of the things and places described have now disappeared, owing to the changes brought about since Rome became the capital of Italy. The changes when important are referred to in foot-notes, and, of course, the greater part of the book is concerned with things as permanent as the eternal city itself. The new edition is in two volumes of about three hundred rather closely printed pages each, and its appearance is what we would expect of a production of the Riverside Press.

CULTURE'S GARLAND, "being memoranda of the gradual rise of literature, art, music, and society in Chicago and other Western ganglia" (Ticknor & Co.), is a volume of literary scraps, containing some witty remarks and humorous reflections, but these, it seems to us—despite Mr. Julian Hawthorne's eulogistic introduction to the volume—are hardly good enough to warrant their republication from the columns of The Chicago Daily News, where they originally appeared.

NORWAY NIGHTS AND RUSSIAN DAYS is the taking title of a book of travel by Mrs. S. M. Henry Davis, rather daintily gotten up by Fords, Howard & Hurlbert. There are many illustrations in pen and ink and a gorgeous representation of the midnight sun upon the cover. It is pleasantly written, and the attractive appearance of the page would almost tempt one to read it through even if it were not.

SOCIETY VERSE BY AMERICAN WRITERS, selected by Ernest De Lancey Pierson (Benjamin & Bell), is an admirably printed little volume the perusal of which may fill in some odd moments very agreeably. We are glad to find in it such old favorites as "The Ballad of Cassandra Brown," by Helen Gray Cone, and "The Stork's Jeremiad," by Bessie Chandler.

THE compact and handy illustrated little volume containing ENOCH ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS, edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, A.M., recently published by Ticknor & Co., will doubtless be very acceptable to admirers of the Poet Laureate.

THE POEMS OF SIR JOHN SUCKLING are published for the first time in this country by White, Stokes & Allen, the editor being Mr. Frederick A. Stokes. The volume, typographically, is very attractive, with its heavy paper, broad margins, clear type, and good ink; there is an etched portrait of the poet by J. S. King, after the painting by Vandyck, and the rubricated title-page is further adorned with a little etching of a cupid twanging a guitar. "Many lines and whole poems, which are altogether unfit for modern readers," do not appear in the volume; but we miss from it neither verse nor line whose presence would add to the laurels of the writer of the delightful "Ballad upon a Wedding" and "Why so Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?"

Treatment of the Designs.

THE LANDSCAPE IN COLORS.

FOR this landscape it would be well to choose a canvas of rather coarse grain; it need not be fully primed. A somewhat rough surface-finish will enhance the effect. This is best obtained by loading on your color in the lightest parts, and you will find that a coarse grained canvas helps the texture considerably. Begin by making a careful outline of the whole sketch in raw umber thinned with a little turpentine; a sable brush is best fitted for the purpose. It is quite admissible when reproducing a study to make a tracing of the general outline and transfer it to your canvas by means of pouncing through pricked holes, or by the use of transfer paper, but when going over the outline thus obtained refer constantly to your copy and let your mechanical work act only as a help. Working intelligently in this way, you will obtain a thoroughly good basis by accentuating the darkest parts and correcting such little deviations as frequently occur in mere tracing.

Put in the sky with flake white, pale lemon yellow, cadmium, vermillion, raw umber, cobalt blue, and possibly a very little ivory black to bring together and tone down the tints if too bright. It will help the effect of atmosphere to begin by giving the canvas a very thin coating of the yellow tints throughout the part occupied by the sky, gradating them from dark to light as in the original. This under tint must be allowed to dry thoroughly before applying another painting; then for the portions that show blue through the clouds use cobalt, with a touch of raw umber, to give the greenish shade, and mix with flake white. Blend these colors with a palette-knife until the required tint is obtained. Vermilion, cobalt, and white can be mixed in the same manner in two or three shades of gray, warm for the upper part and cooler close to the horizon line. Into these tints break cadmium and lemon yellow as required, using white with the lemon yellow in the very highest light. The sky can be easily finished in one painting provided you have laid a ground in first as suggested. For the sails of the mill use raw umber, black, yellow ochre and Vandyck brown, with a little white to give the colors sufficient solidity. For the mill itself exactly the same treatment, with the addition of a touch of lemon yellow and burnt Sienna to give warmth to the thatched roof. For the shutter emerald green toned with raw umber. The trees that break the horizon line showing dark against the light background must be kept of a blue gray tone. Introduce a little indigo. Put in a dash of orange cadmium to indicate the position of the fast-setting sun. For the green fields in the middle distance use raw umber, raw Sienna, pale chrome, black, emerald green and flake white. For the foreground add to these burnt Sienna and Vandyck brown. The roadway is painted with raw umber, vermillion, cobalt, and white with a sharp touch or two of Vandyck brown. The water is a reflex of the sky, so use the same colors as for the sky, except where the shadows thrown from near objects repeat their own coloring. The figures are merely accessories, and therefore, very simple in treatment, the windmill, of course, being the object in which the interest of the picture centres. The woman's cap is white toned with cobalt and raw umber, the bodice yellow ochre, black and white, the skirt raw umber, the apron cobalt toned with raw umber and white. The boy's jacket is also yellow ochre, black and white, only it has more black in it than the woman's bodice, and for the trousers add a little burnt Sienna to the raw umber. The swallow in the foreground is a valuable addition, and gives strength to the surroundings. The effect of the rich black plumage can be gained by using brown madder and indigo. After mixing the various tints as directed, begin the painting by blacking in the broad masses in their several gradations. Work these into harmony gradually by modelling up the drawing. You will probably require more than one painting to do this. Then when nearly dry, or in what artists call a "tacky" state, brighten up the whole with sharp, decisive little touches here and there as seen in the original. Do not try continually to smooth down your work as it progresses or you will assuredly make it tame and insipid. Decide as to the exact tint you require before laying it on, then leave it alone until the proper time comes to work into it so as to blend it properly with other parts. Finish will be obtained almost insensibly in the modelling up. Aim at getting the full strength of your shadows to start with, and remember to keep up the high lights, which are very apt to get toned down too much.

Copying such a study as this is excellent practice for original work in the future.

E. H.

THE GLADIOLUS STUDY.

THIS design may be painted in oil or water-colors, according to the following scheme of color: The background is a medium shade of light, warm yellowish gray. The spikes of flowers are respectively red, light canary yellow and white, tinged with purple.

TO PAINT THE STUDY IN OILS, begin by sketching in the outlines with charcoal; then commence with the background, and for this use raw umber, yellow ochre, white, cobalt or permanent blue, light red and a very little ivory black. In the deeper touches add a little madder lake. Paint the red flowers with madder lake, white, vermillion, a little raw umber and a very little ivory black for the local tone. In the shadows add burnt Sienna and omit vermillion. Make the half-tints very gray in quality. The yellow flowers are painted with light cadmium, white, and the very least quantity of ivory black in the local tone. In the shadows add raw umber and a little madder lake, or light red with yellow ochre. The white flowers shaded with purple are painted at first with a general tone of warm, light gray; on this foundation the high lights are painted afterward, and the purple touches are also added, as well as the deeper shadows and all other necessary